1

With music in your eyes you tantalize,
your face & figure fit your female form
the way the flowér nature doth adorn.
In afterlife, do Angels bear such prize?
One thinks of how to heavenly applies;
the birds, the bees, one thinks above must swarm,
to all our appetites the LORD might warm;
a dream to view, though i'll not fantasize.
This verse hath life, & may not die with me,
is yours the hand, and poetry the glove?
May one admire the state of your undress,
whilst steering clear of an perversity?
The fuèl you give is unrequited love,
perhaps you follow me, a patroness?

2

You in your prime, & me in my decline.
 How can one say that one has reached an age
 if one can't learn to be at least slight sage,
as youth and beauty closely intertwine?
A younger belle, a sister — that is fine —
 in Timothy it's written on the page.
 So do some keep song birds in gilded cage?
I laugh, i weep, i know not their design.
 Some peacocks on the stage & on T.V.
  they ope their mouths for speech to form so wide,
   and straight one knows they lack a mental life.
 But you, you demonstrate agility:
  you have the attitude and not the pride,
   and thus for none you'd be a trophy wife.

3

Without a word from you i sing my song;
so Milton sung the way that silk worms spin;
computer's bits and bytes are my linchpin
as rhymes of mine won't stay in mind for long.
You see of yore i did my brain a wrong,
and thus i am to damaged goods akin,
my Broca's area, to my chagrin,
cannot commit sweet tunes where they belong.
Enough of me, and to your beauty's self!
Could this poor verse but heighten you a touch,
bring forth the slightest bliss, or make you smile,
it would have touched an angel in herself.
I think i'm not mistaken, saying such;
the world agrees — you many hearts beguile!

4

Platonic love, escaping most men's ken;
why can't some males & females be a friend
without the chains & locks to which descend
most masculine, who haven't promised when,
that they cannot commit such act again?
I hope you understand what i have penned,
a double negative to you i send,
i think you comprehend, & rule the gen.
Thus i admire, and yet steer clear of lust.
As acting is your inclination due,
to poetry my liking is inclined.
So when we die, to ashes & not dust,
you've left a footprint ages will imbue,
but as for me, few followers i find.

5

I languish for a token or a charm
 to slake a lover's thirst, a drop of rain,
 but no, such affirmation, just more pain,
as it the inequality rearm.
So silence, guarding one from Cupid's harm
 (whose fatal darts to each when struck a bane)
 the opposite would ope the wound again
& raise in me as piqued a false alarm.
 So Hephaestus, as an disabled groom,
  was granted Goddess Venus as an bride;
   resulted in a match not heaven blessèd.
 I read in this, for me, potential doom,
  & bar, perhaps, from any woman's side,
   ne'er to replace a pillow with a breast.

6

Dark mistress of your fine & fickle craft;
perhaps the case you slyly hypnotize
unknowing fools who gaze into your eyes,
or look elsewhere, naïve of your witchcraft.
A queen in white, but is in you a graft,
so those who stare & think they gain a prize
(as moving forms allow in mind your guise)
do not know what of what they take a draft?
So is there magic in this world below
whereby at times the dream becomes the reàl?
Doth fantasy impact the inner mind
as purity at obverse strikes a blow?
If art doth change the way your public feel,
despite the hunt, are you the uncaught hind?

7

I try with rhymes & words to turn your head,
but you, the apple of a million eyes,
not least to mine or anyone's surprise,
you live your rightful dream of fame instead.
I ask myself if i have lost the thread
and what the worth is in my plaintive cries
but art is art, and art it never dies,
and though différent, yours to mine has led.
I ask what would i were a better man
and too i ask what if my fate were changed?
But no, an object that's inanimate,
would better suit, no heart, where it began,
from love, from pain, from feelings thus estranged,
devoid of that which piques soul & spirit.

8

If but to dream, impossibility,
 so when a gulf of space & class & time
 doth separate what can't be bridged by rhyme,
wherefore persist in futile poetry?
Has Cupid's dart e'er inequality,
 whereby i have but nickel & a dime
 comparing to your right won wealth sublime,
so naming but one reason we can't be?
 But still i can compose a decent verse
  (if i can judge my efforts - self critique)
   you may take note and to that claim assent,
 and maybe someday you and i converse
  (were such to happen i would be most meek).
   But dream, to dreams on earth there's no ascent.

9

One views female perfection animate,
in song, in dance, in dress, eyes' movement too,
the art of which has led to fame that's due,
perhaps an early training helped your fate.
Expressions play upon your face, au fait
with what most naïve men would take as true,
how easily you their emotions slue,
a queen of actresses, they take the bait.
And thus to this, comparing, what am i?
You see i wear my heart upon my sleeve.
If love for you i'm happy to declaim
i make myself a fool, and thus ask why?
Much better to have found a lack, & grieve,
than live the lie if Cupid's darts misaim.

10

Let me explain in calling you a thief:
i had a heart which may have owed its due
and promises i'd made, ere seeing you,
you reaped & bound my yearnings like a sheaf.
So but to think of you produces grief
the day i saw, & wished, & dreamt i rue
as the result, only to make me blue,
today with verse, uncovering my leaf.
But no, you've stolen naught, was it your game,
as all is fair in love & strife & war?
Perhaps you're Venus, Cupid is your thrall,
and strike you all, so as to me the same?
You leave me dumb, but saying i adore,
ask how you've touched, despite your unscaled wall?

11

My words are weapons in this game of chess,
but you in playing white have queened a pawn,
for me to capture it you need be drawn
to an mistake, as it's beyond finesse.
This is a game of skill, no more, no less,
and verse is antiquated, lacking brawn,
in rhyme i state that i upon you fawn,
and predicated outcome none need guess.
But all's not lost despite if loss is mine,
i was inspired in words and turn of phrase.
You may admit you've won the wager due,
and that we played, & both have built a shrine;
and mine to you may be fair form of praise,
though yours to me holds nothing new in view.

12

Continuing to hope, when hope is vain,
would seem akin to mad futility,
the lame, they cannot walk, nor blind men see,
why to aspire to what i can't attain?
If to reciprocate, no soul would deign,
why to persist with you, who holds the key
to hearts as numerous as due queen bee;
if wish is fruitless, what by it to gain?
But i recall, Pandora's box was ope,
transgressing gods' instructions, stern & sage,
whatever boons this box may have contained,
then all the gifts were flown except for hope.
I read this fable, in a modern age,
and count as most important what remained.

13

Were this my swan song, would you notice then?
If close to death, extracting pity due,
perhaps my absent heart would leave some clue,
then would you deign a grade 'twixt nought and ten?
And if what guided rhyme, & stroke of pen,
knew cardiac arrest, last breath i drew,
my life extinguished never to renew,
who'd diagnose a broken heart? Amen!
But no, excuse my pitying lament,
have i not spurned my chances in the game?
Why think that i deserve another chance
not least with you, an ultimate ascent?
Were i to live or die, to you the same,
am i not rude so even to advance?

14

So in this game of love, which i should flee,
were we to count from birth so day on day,
despite our ages step the other way,
compared with you i lack maturity.
A babe in arms, so you may reckon me,
an innocent who maybe pens a lay
that in our times not turn a nay to yea,
whilst i'd perceive in you a prodigy.
I cast my pebbles in the sea, & your
eternal silence testifies to this
mismatch 'twixt what is base and what's sublime;
the ripples fading, lead to nothing more.
And so i say, take you this verse's kiss,
as well it's meant, and more it is no crime.

15

A mighty Goddess is a living belle
with influence beyond what mortals know,
and those ensnared, like me, they meet their woe,
and find themselves enchanted by a spell
that is thrice magical, candied, & fell.
Upon this topic why to caw & crow,
especially when bondage doth but grow,
the more upon the subject one doth dwell?
You are such Goddess, i such devotee;
i bring my scant oblation to your shrine,
i immolate the words i can command,
and hope for blessings, heaven sent, by thee.
Do deity & thrall so intertwine
or doth my serfdom just make you more grand?

16

I wonder by my troth what had we met,
 without the bonds of fame & wealth & time,
 in worlds where song & poetry do chime,
and too where lives are led without regret.
Where 'tis a charm for both to play coquette,
 such region need not be beyond space-time
 nor alien to earth's existing clime;
although such zone for us is past & set.
 I thus return unto reality;
  why dote upon a niche that is not there?
   An apparition, mirage, vision, ghost;
 why to imagine what's illusory?
  Or is it so gods listen to our prayèr,
   and is each person for a spirit host?

17

So is my house Atreidae, damned from birth,
i claim Elektra, Clytemnestra's tease,
Iphigenia, sacrificed for breeze,
the dread of which our modern times knows dearth?
So thus your estimation of my worth
is one arrived at with exhaustive ease,
and irrespective how my verse may please
your choice were "no" were i the last on earth.
Hypothesis - a run of pure bad luck,
which one day or the other sure must change?
Or is my fate secure, a negative,
and is with this the die so cast & struck?
I'll say so much, my life it has been strange,
and explanations fail, so long i live.

18

I start my days with ideations dark,
 persuade myself to rise with cancer sticks
 and next in line i turn to caffeine kicks,
and then the lager beer, keystone of arc.
I search oblivion, it may sound stark,
 i wish i were to cross the river Styx,
 it were not perfect, but it were a fix,
forgetfulness, no need to love to hark.
 And then i sing my futile song to you
  which is as purposeful as life on earth.
   By that (catch you my drift) that swine might fly;
 God loves a trier, hates a chancer too.
  One hopes in this you see there is some mirth,
   although into your inscape i'd not pry.

19

Beyond the grave, what were my words and deeds,
not noticed now, but by posterity,
for such to pass, 'twere no anomaly,
and later come to life, like waterèd seeds.
Or is my poetry a bed of weeds,
and thinking such is but self flattery,
by which i try to raise the worth of me,
and into dross an idiot note reads.
But were there any excellence contained,
it were a monument to you not I.
You are the inspiration & the root,
by which my verse doth find itself sustained.
Sublunary, through you i touch the sky;
you tame my nature, otherwise a brute.

20

Abject, i put myself at your command;
were you to ask a boon that i could grant
despite my forlorn assets, poor & scant,
i'd gift it thee, and bless receiving hand.
But then you lack of naught that is not grand,
and i could but present a pauper's rant;
before the tide erased what i decant,
i could but sketch a poem in the sand.
But trace is left, if not in you, but me,
your worth has placed an imprint in my soul.
So circumnavigating oceans blue
do you revitalize my purity?
Despite absurdity, you make me whole,
and so i gain by giving love to you.

21

So what were i to prove my love to you?
What would it take to wholly demonstrate
an argument you could not remonstrate?
Is there assertion to grant me a coup?
Were there a plea by which i could accrue
a portion of your love, which might abate
what seems a cruél hand dealt me by fate,
of which the wisdom, sense i can't construe?
But with such lover's plaint i ask too much,
my heart has known and lost, what more to ask?
If not reciprocated, or returned,
there still remains the chance my song could touch.
You are my muse, you set me to my task,
so should i be concerned if i am spurned?

22

With what i've penned i've crossed the Rubicon;
the Gods have heard what cannot be withdrawn
and in this game i've more than thrown a pawn,
through utilizing rules that are bygone.
The duckling that will ne'er become a swan,
a night that ne'er will know a rosy dawn;
you see it means something on one to fawn,
and futile hope of amnesty is gone.
We are no more ships passing in the night,
i am a barnacle upon your keel.
I have declaimed, declared, and out aloud,
and Gods may hark to what a man may cite.
Withal, this need not alter how you feel
but may constrain me 'till i wear my shroud.

23

What can i grant that you do not possess?
A poem for a penny, nothing more,
invoking etiquette & rules of yore,
the birth & provenance of which may bless.
So where's the art in fourteen lines with stress?
One would let others judge, perform that chore,
complete critique of that which i adore,
and as to their conclusions, who might guess.
So i don't sing to be the critic's choice;
it's your opinion that i count as key.
It pleases me to pen my verse to you;
i thank the stars you've gifted me my voice.
I write according to ability;
and saying that, mirth, count me of thy crew.

24

It seems so odd that were love true and free
and lovers did not opt for ownership,
that that the Gods above would bar such trip
as finding life on earth an ecstasy.
You see that love is an insanity,
and if two souls should take an equal sip
the goddess Venus would have made a slip,
and then would punish for iniquity.
Such have i known, & it were pain indeed,
but bliss betimes, the latter i recall.
Withal my love for you is one way street,
with such emotion i cannot but bleed.
And thus, i do not vex, i do not gall,
as in this war of one you cannot cheat.

25

Do you replace in me what is not whole?
And so to dote on that which is complete
in grace & form, admiring that that's meet;
as deities, can such repair the soul?
A form of worship, taking on this rôle,
by which my praise makes also me replete,
and grants to you a poetry that's sweet,
although we've never shared a grassy knoll.
I'd say my operating system's good,
despite my hardware taking knock or two.
'Twas gifted me, & early on in youth,
i've no complaints about my past childhood.
A child of God, disciple through & through,
i know not if i bear a wisdom tooth.

26

If humankind could live on love alone
 my love for you would give a diet meet,
 each day an appetizing feast would greet,
the which with zest and spice my taste would hone.
If meat, i'd suck the marrow from the bone,
 and if gelato, cold, citrus & sweet;
 if bread, leavened & from the choicest wheat,
if veg'tables, in mystic countries grown.
 But man needs means, to eat & live & thrive,
  and mine are scarce, & too that love needs wealth.
   I do not ask for pity, though i'll state,
 for me it's not so easy to survive.
  Withal the case i even fail in health,
   but nonetheless my love for you doth sate.

27

Were love a habit, you would be my fix;
i'll not describe the counterfeits i've tried,
suffice to say that packaging has lied,
and that my house is built from less than bricks.
You see, i think that some play evil tricks,
and lacking care, one's inscape ends up fried,
what i take now, it would not touch the side,
if you excuse the metaphors i mix.
So i request you read my poetry
and try to find a contradiction thence.
I'm proud to say, a flavor of home brew,
but nonetheless it is not all at sea.
Withal, because my verse & rhyme make sense,
you can be sure my love for you is true.

28

In fourteen lines i state my love for you,
but falling foul of others' apogee;
a Shakespeare, Sidney, i will never be,
the greats of poetry, there are so few.
Each verse a vessel sailing oceans blue,
or are they jetsam, flotsam, lost at sea,
which ne'er will even find a sheltered lee,
the fate of which no one will ever rue.
So should i let succeeding ages judge
as to the worth, if any's to be found?
Or could i ask you ope your ruby lips
and opine, one way or another nudge?
But failing both, can i to self expound,
that this explains how you my heart eclipse?

29

I search for metaphor or turn of phrase
 which could on past endeavors innovate;
 withal to raise you to your proper state,
whereby i could intensify your praise.
Although the waxing gibbous is my phase,
 i needn't leave you guessing to my fate,
 the time for poetry, perhaps too late,
the moon becoming full in so few days.
 Does love annihilate like tooth and claw,
  and have we reached the brutish point at last
   that leaves no space for true humanity?
 Do devils chew each one within their maw?
  Am i the vestiges of times long past,
   or am i monster of lycanthropy?

30

The forwardness in me approaching thee;
the trough of waves attaining to the crest;
a base sublimate, reaching for the best;
a word that fits me is pomposity.
You have a thousand locks, i have no key;
mine is a fruitless, hollow, futile quest,
i know damnation, you seem trebly blest;
and this, from me, is not false piety.
But is it our condition to aspire,
despite the vanity of chintzy means,
which motivate beyond the corporeàl?
The actualities are on the wire,
but with my zeal for you, i enter scenes,
at one with others, so becoming reàl.

31

Were God to gift my wasted youth again
 i would not take off many misplaced bets;
 by this i mean i know of few regrets,
and ask if others such a thought could pen.
Granted, i have made mistakes, & when
 i look at them my appetite it whets,
 to be a better person, who not frets,
and aims next time to score a ten from ten.
 Despite from bar to street to bookie bounced
  i find in thee a reason to believe,
   and whilst i can i write thee poetry,
 withal, i am a guest that's unannounced.
  A phrase i like to use is that i cleave,
   as it expresses a dichotomy.

32

Upon the future i'd not speculate,
 suffice to say it needn't be like past,
 a truism that might leave some aghast,
for time to come we cannot adumbrate.
With passing ages mortals innovate,
 and who can say that this is not the last,
 and changes, are they slow, or are they fast?
I trust i do not hist'ry denigrate.
 Unlike all other species on this earth
  can humans change their ways within their life,
   or has naught changed since Pericles' time?
 Have we declined to where a person's worth
  is separated from a public strife?
   Withal it falls on me to reach my prime.

33

There used to be a place for those like me,
a guild or school which was protectorate,
where intercourse was barred by an dictate,
and carnal lust proscribed by lock and key.
So thus, perhaps, we learnt of poetry,
withal ability so to frustrate,
and too to overcome conglomerate;
then some were cast to our community.
I have a lot of friends with gorgeous eyes
and their flirtation aids more than the act.
Despite the medium is the moving screen,
a smile, like yours, means more than any prize.
But to detach the fiction from the fact,
is it the chaff, and not the wheat, i glean?

34

Were you a bane, i'd take the draft in one,
i'd drink it to the dregs in one fell swoop,
but i suspect it would not make me stoop,
as yours a liquor that does not make me stun.
Against my head you do not hold a gun
and also do not take me for a dupe
as you & i, perhaps we share a group,
withal a class, perhaps, that others shun.
But this approximate which may be wrong
doth claim connection where there's not a bit.
I wait, i fain, i halt for your command,
and you've not cut me off, which makes me strong.
But is it just the pendulum and pit
and is the interval within your hand.

35

I fix you in the firmament with stars,
with moon & sun, so with our heaven's vault,
as their rotation never knows a halt,
just like my head when it descends to bars.
It's said that you from Venus, me from Mars,
and i the opposite of me exalt,
the ladies first, as this should be default,
though unlike you, seems life has left me scars.
The earth is centre of the universe
most like a rock, as it is home to thee,
flat earth society, a step too far,
perhaps i'll say it once, and make it terse,
such view in line with relativity;
or maybe close to truth, but no cigar.

36

Were you the capital of our proud land
would you permit me be your underground?
Below the surface i could be profound,
and make commuters run at your command.
The routes by you would be exquisite planned,
northbound, eastbound, westbound and too southbound,
the rails & tracks & grooves my wheels would sound,
the surface & the deep combining grand.
But troubled life doth bar such harmony,
i fear we'd have a passenger alert,
a blunt & terse alarm for suicide.
The outward & the sunk need unity
in order to prevent a lethal hurt,
a system that takes all within its stride.

37

You are my Stella, i your Astrophel,
by this i mean i love the heaven's stars
and would equivocate you know no pars,
and like another man, i've found a belle.
So too like her, you all attempts do quell,
and thus in black & white i send memoirs
to note that unrequited is still ours,
and that you hold me fast within your spell.
I ask you note, my verse is stricter writ,
as Johnny Cash would say, i walk the line.
I do not err from strict Petrarchan rhyme;
in two quatrains to you i do submit.
Like this sextet, i bid to make it mine,
and try to find a volta ev'ry time.

38

I wish a time that thee and i could meet,
we'd both arrive in our Lamborghinis,
and like you say, sipping dry Martinis,
you ask for work, this work perhaps doth greet.
But what compared to thee, to me were mete,
when i receive no pay, & you earn fees,
to write you verse grants ease from my disease,
the both of these i count amazing feat.
And so in solitude i pen my rhyme,
a premium itself to keep me sane.
To dream upon impossibility
i've said before, it represents no crime.
The tinsel wings that flap, they are no stain,
you save your unassailability.

39

My heart it should be dead to all but thee,
a barren place with just one gleam of light,
there placed by you, a lively, magic sprite,
which i should keep in anonymity.
A tiny place that fills my life with glee,
which like the glint within your eyes, so bright,
is capable to make my days from night,
and save me from this world's anxiety.
But could this loving conquer what is black,
a desolate expanse, laid waste and parched.
Although i live, and still give course to breath,
what time has taken, love may not give back.
So has your flame my darkness overarched,
returning me from very brink of death.

40

I weave the warp & woof of woven words
composing tapestries of love to thee,
i send them forth & know not if you see;
so do i separate the whey from curds?
Akin to harmony in major thirds?
Or do i pen but an cacophony?
Be you the judge, & too returning see,
although the bishop may exclude songbirds.
But where's the sonnet in these days of pop?
Both antiquated and too ostracized.
Where is the use in duodecimo
when beats & dance & spin, they will not stop?
There may have been a time when such was prized,
and i retreat to fading sunset's glow.

41

You are a beacon guiding me at sea
by which i navigate the foaming main,
still visible despite the pelting rain,
when thunder clouds, dim what's luminary.
At night you tell me of the harbour's lee,
and how a sailor right progress may gain,
your flame, the very opposite of bane,
forms from twelve fathoms deep, security.
But i can't reach this heaven's haven dumb
for want of strength to drive my broken craft.
I'd guess unlike yourself, my mortal soul
will never know a blessèd Elysium.
Perhaps no steering rudder to my aft,
and hence to drown at sea may be my dole.

42

I wish that God would spare me fortune's dart,
the days and nights that pass without a sign,
the nothingness that so doth intertwine,
such slings and arrows which outrageous smart.
I guess that so it means to gift a heart,
when only trace of it is but to pine,
and know that never will our two align,
but nonetheless, the giving is a start.
But if my heart, it was not gifted thee,
i asked for recompense, it were no gift.
Like moonlight 'twixt the trees, 'tis said,
the greatest granted things in life are free.
And thus for love, to you my love i shrift,
i do not ask for incense, wine or bread.

43

I wish i knew some magic spell to cast
uniting you and i forevermore,
declaring lasting peace upon love's war,
and usher in concordance that would last.
A harmony of future & the past,
the smelting of a rich & valued ore,
and too consumption to the very core,
the abnegation of my Dalit caste.
Alas with sorcery i'm not au fait,
and but resort to words arranged in rhyme.
I fear your beauty is your queen of hearts,
and drawn without exception when we play.
So as we say, we wait for better time,
the whole is better than the broken parts.

44

My heart by thee is made a one way street,
the tide of love, a unipolar flow,
no paired or team duality doth know,
the traffic laws no mortal soul can cheat.
The bow moves back & forth to form a suite,
and too to dig moves up & down the hoe,
'tis dialectical, so all things grow,
and rhythm doth require more than one beat.
But so is best, & all that i deserve,
i can compose my poetry alone.
My love still knows a superfluity,
and cultivates my work, you may observe.
For past mistakes, perhaps, i do atone,
need nothing more than to be loving thee.

45

I leave this trail in bits & bytes of code,
as electronic manuscript can't fail,
just like the trace that's found within email,
it's monitored, perchance at ev'ry node.
Of third millennium this is the mode,
whilst paper fells our trees, a carbon nail,
this wild invention all of us should hail,
and here compose our words & too our ode.
So thus the old & new are mixed & matched,
but tales of love retain eternity.
The medium's not the message, you may heed,
as faint the writing in the glass is scratched.
But the computer, perpetuity,
we need but teach it love, so it accede.

46

I'd love to share the contents of my mind,
the slings i've borne without an enmity,
the love of life & too antipathy,
the jagged edges and what is refined.
I do not know if any worth you'd find,
although you might be drawn to sympathy,
it were too much to ask for empathy,
so were my struggles better left confined.
But no, i keep the blows within my head,
and learn to sing the way that silk worms spin.
You are my prism, making rainbow light,
my covenant, as dove to Noah led.
I try my best committing no more sin,
and fear The LORD, the one who has all might.

47

My love for thee, a many splendored thing,
with more dimensions than the physicist,
in such iambic meter we know tryst,
beyond the flimsy theory of string.
Causality may think that it is king,
but never can it penetrate the mist,
and oh how wide the mark experts have missed,
of what the joy & bliss such love can bring.
But too, we lovers know a penitence,
we understand the myth of fallen flowèrs.
One cannot know a physicality,
without what flows from there & where & whence.
My years constrict to months & days & hours,
within your eyes i see a speck of glee.

48

I wish i had the might to grant to you
an ounce of solace, like you gift to me;
each day i write, you lift my soul with glee,
and so refresh my heart with morning dew.
My purest black is tinged with rainbow's hue,
so could there be a reciprocity,
whereby we wipe out animosity,
and make our one and one into a two?
I fear that this objective is too high,
and that such union is a step too far.
Perhaps this verse takes thee and i in scope,
and may perchance, if right, thee beautify.
So better to have wished upon a star,
than to have given in, abandoned hope.

49

I choose to write to you another verse,
my head to level & to ease my mind,
i do not know if worth that you will find,
but still it is the case i could do worse.
Love's bruises, lacerations i still nurse,
and do not heed if you're not of my kind,
regarding influence, the blind lead blind,
but nonetheless i try to make it terse.
So knew this world an equanimity
a blessèd utopia might come to pass.
And knew humanity relaxing balm,
there'd be no storms that led to poetry.
Although i fear we have stalemate, impasse,
and no Poseidon raging seas may calm.

50

Had i a piece of ground i'd build a shrine
to honor you and pay libations due,
and by it there a grave to stand in lieu
of where my heart within my breast used shine.
I'd pause each day, & tend, & wait for sign,
and there i'd watch descend the morning dew,
none else were privy, none would have a clue,
this were my secret, there might grow a vine.
I have no plot, nor hold the mason's staff,
and so i pour amours in poetry.
And with such plan it were inviting fate,
i'd need compose for self an epitaph.
To share, would you excuse my liberty,
i try myself but to emancipate.

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